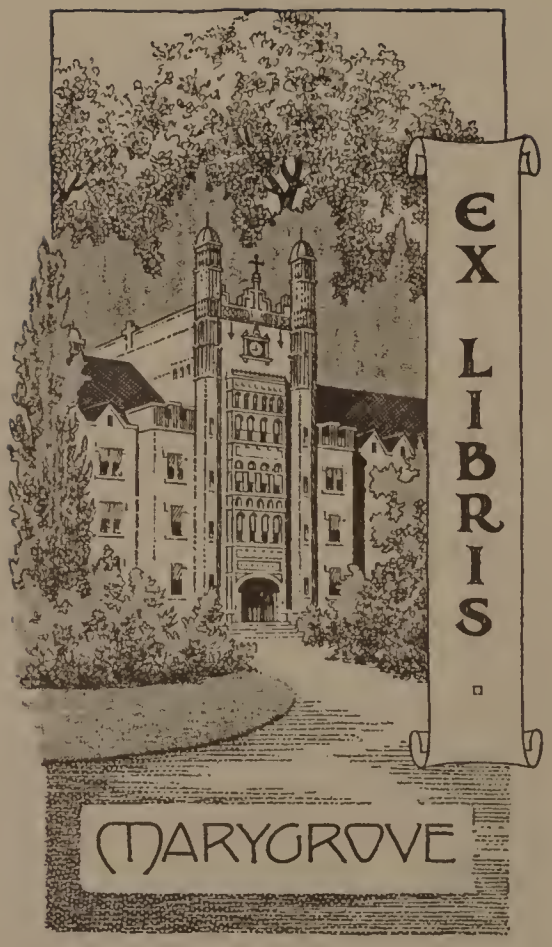
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CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS:
DRAUGHTSMEN
General Editor: ALBERT RUTHERSTON

DRAUGHTSMEN

EDNA CLARKE HALL
HENRY RUSHBURY
RANDOLPH SCHWABE
LEON UNDERWOOD

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1924

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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EDNA CLARKE HALL

DRAWING is, or can be made, the most personal of all methods of artistic expression; for there is nothing in the materials used which stands between the artist and the execution of his desire. Oil paint, stone, or clay offer a certain measure of resistance; they present difficulties of handling that must be overcome as a first condition of success; and it often happens that the conquest of these preliminary difficulties consumes the artist's energy and takes the edge from his creative zeal. But the language of drawing is relatively simple; pen, chalk, and wash are not difficult to handle; and the artist who has a word to speak or a sensation to record can convey his intention in a drawing without technical obstructions or delay.

Drawing is thus a vehicle well suited to Mrs. Clarke Hall's talent. For we have here an artist essentially spontaneous and impatient of material procedures. She draws in whatever medium happens to be at hand, and varies her technique with each passing mood. She has a natural facility for drawing, heightened by an innate, or cultivated, sense of style; but she

has little of the craftsman's interest in materials as such ; often indeed she would seem to fret at the slow progress of the most facile media, as though she begrudged even the briefest interval between the sensation that provoked the drawing and the record on the page. Craftsmanship, in fact, for Mrs. Clarke Hall begins and ends with her æsthetic requirements of the moment ; and art, for her, is first and foremost the expression of her personal sensibility in the simplest and most rapid form.

Mrs. Clarke Hall's work falls roughly into three periods. First come early drawings that express the imagination of a young and very sensitive girl. They are, perhaps, a little amateurish, but what a real sense of gesture and pathetic pose ! A set of illustrations to *Wuthering Heights* belongs to this first period. They are not illustrations in the ordinary sense of the word, for they take small heed of the letter of the book. They are rather a pictorial equivalent of that tense and wind-swept drama ; and the same is true of the later illustrations to the same book, which Mrs. Clarke Hall has produced at varying intervals—for the artist has returned again and again to the strange atmosphere created by a kindred spirit. In the second period Mrs. Clarke Hall was influenced by the work of her fellow-students at the Slade School. In the third she has thrown off these influences and gives full

rein to her mature and personal reactions. Of the three periods I like the last best and the second least. Mrs. Clarke Hall is not an artist who could advance far in formulæ borrowed from craftsmen however intelligent and skilful, and it is not in technical devices that she seeks success. Her decision, therefore, to take no heed of academic forms and slogans is clearly right, and we have but to look at the little drawing called *Boy on a Cliff* to see that, by the simple process of trusting to her instinct, her eye, and hand, she can give us work which is quite delightfully observed and stated.

Mrs. Clarke Hall's art is thus essentially individualistic. She is an artist of the calibre of Whistler—whose exquisite reactions were much more feminine than male. Whistler, it is true, took intense pleasure in the actual handling of oil paint, but he had little of that passionate curiosity—(perhaps a specifically male attribute)—which insists on intellectual comprehension and drives an artist from one stage of realization to another. His comprehension was largely emotional. Mrs. Clarke Hall's comprehension is the same. She is not concerned with analysis or reconstruction ; she feels a thrill at certain aspects of creation and she sets out solely to record that thrill.

It is because she remains within these limits that her work is always so spontaneous and alive. It lives because its whole content is the outcome of emotion ; it contains no

elements that are false or dead. Nothing in her work is put there for effect, nothing is inserted to create an illusion of further finish or to make the drawing artificially complete; no attempt is made to dress up a sketch to pass muster as a finished picture. Mrs. Clarke Hall will make a score of drawings in an afternoon, and each one will be a faithful record of a real reaction. I have seen a dozen drawings, which she made one day, of some children round a bonfire in the failing light; taken separately each drawing tells us something actual and distinct; taken together they give the full measure of the artist's reaction to this scene—enough, and more than enough, for a fully worked out picture. But Mrs. Clarke Hall has never painted that picture, and, it may be, she never will. For she feels no impulse to assemble and collate. She records impressions in the form and order that they come, she sets down exactly what she sees and feels, the rest of the story, the parts that meant nothing to her, the potential elements of the completed picture, she leaves entirely on one side. She gives us her reactions without additions and without alterations. There is not a scrap of hack-work in the whole mass of her prolific output. Every touch in every drawing is significant and true.

But frankness and vitality are not the only factors that attract us in this lady's work. The life that comes from these

drawings, their aura, as it were, speaks to us, as indeed it must, of the special nature of the artist's sensibility, and this we feel at once is exceptionally gentle, confident, and refined. There is much tenderness in the *Studies of a Boy's Head*, in the way the lips come together and the way the light eye sets within the lid. And there is tenderness also in the drawing of the tree forms in *The Orchard ;* there is faith and assurance in the *Children in a Landscape*, and a tenuous refinement in the *Pen Drawing, Coloured*. It is, in fact, the rare quality of Mrs. Clarke Hall's sensibility that chiefly charms us. In an age when fine intellects tend to damp down their sensibility, driven by necessity or drawn by the lure of abstract exploration, and when hundreds of minor painters hide an obvious outlook and coarse reactions by a show of dexterous painting, it is refreshing to have contact with a sensibility that is fine by nature and is not repressed, a sensibility that comes to us without pretension, fragrant, unimpeded, and unimpaired.

HENRY RUSHBURY

MUCH might be written of the effect of travel upon English artists, and history provides examples of eminent artists who gained a great deal from their travels, and of others, as eminent, who never left our shores. We have Wilson and Turner who travelled, and Gainsborough and Constable who stayed at home. On the other hand, we all know painters who have brought back nothing from foreign travel, and others who rest content with trivial worship of some village pump. The truth is, doubtless, that travel gives something different to each separate artist,—since there are as many kinds of artists as there are different kinds of men. One man may learn the secret of a whole school of architecture by studying the exterior of the Town Hall at Brussels; another standing on the same spot may see nothing but the red cheeks of the girl who tries to sell him apples. One man may see the might and glory of the Church in the sombre majesty of Tarragona Cathedral, another may have eyes only for the dismal squalor of the habitations that cluster round the cathedral doors. There are artists who tour Europe and make drawings

which exhibit nothing but their own skill as draughtsmen or their own preferences for certain types of form, there are others who make topographical records without selection of any kind, and others again who study the peculiar character of each environment, who respond to and accept each atmosphere, and record by these factors the essential features of each land and place.

Henry Rushbury is an artist of the last-named type. He feels strongly that each land, each city, each landscape has an intrinsic structure which gives it personality and life. The atmosphere of Paris or Siena or some English provincial town is composed of elements which we all recognise but cannot, for the most part, define or analyse. Rushbury reacts to each atmosphere, dissects it, reconstructs the elements, and gives us a drawing that speaks the language of each place. Here lies the secret of his merit and the secret of his well-deserved success.

Most prints and drawings of Salomon de Brosse's *Eglise St. Gervais* show a façade much like a hundred other baroque façades in France and Italy and Spain. But Rushbury draws *St. Gervais* from another angle and surrounds it with elements that speak of Paris and no other place. In this excellent drawing, admirably planned and carried out, we have one aspect of the charming city, in *La Place des Victoires* we have another.

Together they give us more of Paris than a whole collection of mechanical transcriptions. With the drawing called *From the Porto Rosso* we are transplanted to the hard sunlight of the South, to narrow streets with high buildings crowned with crazy red-tiled roofs. Rushbury's drawing, built up in tremendous detail, is at once a portrait and a generic truth. It depicts this street in Florence, stone by stone, and evokes at the same time the outstanding features of all such streets that wander to such squares in countless towns of Southern Europe. To me, for some reason that escapes me, it recalls more especially a cobbled alley that leads past the cloisters of Barcelona Cathedral where solemn geese paddle in a palm-decked pond. It has not been my fate to see the original of *Les Baux, Provence*, but we all know the history of this once tremendous city whose houses were hewn from the solid rock, and whose lords once exacted tribute from eighty Provençal towns. Les Baux in our own time is a mere shell and ruin, and Rushbury shows us how imposing, desolate, and remote it looks; he shows the charm, too, and the life that still persists—(note the old woman who feeds her hens, and the few spare blades of grass and the solitary tree)—and beyond it he shows the Val d'Enfer which, Mistral tells us, was portrayed by Dante as the walls of Hell.

I have said nothing of the technical achievement which

these drawings represent, because Rushbury's great skill leaps, as the French say, to the eyes. The study of Les Baux is, from the technical aspect, an amazing drawing, whether we seek for ensemble impression or for minor detail. The varieties of plane, of angle and recession, the contrasts of shape and substance, of habitation and of empty shell, are all noted with shrewd vision and set down with unfaltering hand. Success of this kind shows a high level of intellectual keenness and a real talent for organizing plastic form. *The Folies Bergères, Rouen*, is a technical achievement of another kind. Here the impression is more hasty and the touch more nervous, though not less assured. Rushbury's hand is, in fact, the servant of his eye ; his technical efficiency is the fruit of his early labours —of such drawings as *Cox's Livery Stables, Cambridge*—where he spared no pains to note the special features of each building and the organic structure of each tree. As a result of such careful and conscientious preparatory work he now draws not only with precision, but with ease and certainty as well, and solves problems that most of his contemporaries would hesitate to undertake.

There is a third aspect of Rushbury's achievement which is of interest at the present time—I mean the fact that he has discovered a kind of picture—(for his drawings are not sketches or studies, but completed pictures in their way)—which he

enjoys drawing, and which at the same time many people wish to buy. Most artists of his generation have discovered the one thing or the other ; many have discovered neither ; few, too few, have discovered both. Many artists, nowadays, would seem to turn their eyes inwards and spend their life in fruitless endeavour " to find themselves." Some arrive at a personal vision but pay no attention to such material factors as the size of their pictures in relation to the modern house. Others work solely for existing markets and adapt their vision to prevailing taste. Rushbury moves about the world and finds a thousand subjects that he wants to draw ; and he wants not only to draw those subjects, but to see the drawings framed and hanging on a wall. He is an artist, that is, and a craftsman at the same time. Chippendale made chairs that were a joy to look upon, and eminently suitable for use as well. Rushbury approaches his own problem with a mind and spirit that are much the same. He is no pioneer, no seeker for recondite sensation or for hidden truth. He has a normal vision and is unashamed. Artists, it is often said, are senseless beings, and many it is true are most unpractical. But an artist of the type of Rushbury can meet the accusation without fear. For he is, without question, an independent and an able artist, and he has, quite indubitably, sense !

RANDOLPH SCHWABE

CONTEMPORARY art is mainly influenced by three traditions. There is first the romantic naturalism that began with Caravaggio in the South, and with Rembrandt and the Dutch genre painters in the North. This tradition comes to modern times through Chardin, the French impressionists, and the naturalistic painters of the nineteenth century. The second tradition is that of the fifteenth-century Renaissance, since the search for the grand manner of Raphael and Michel Angelo has run its course, and in its stead there is much endeavour to recapture the keen vision and moderate stylization of men like Mantegna, Roger van der Weyden, and Luca Signorelli. The third is a new tradition which starts with the so-called Post-Impressionists, who looked for inspiration to the Middle Ages and to the art of Egypt and the East.

Of the three it is, of course, the second which is favoured at the moment by the more reputable of the academic institutions (here in London, for example, it is the foundation of the teaching inculcated at the Slade School), and it is from

this tradition also that Randolph Schabe derives his art. He looks to the mid-Renaissance. He keeps close to nature, but seeks expression in a style.

His drawings consist partly of studies from nature and partly of worked out projects for pictures, and he has continually, it would seem, a subconscious feeling that a drawing should be a thing of grace and beauty in itself.

When I speak of " beauty " I tread, of course, on highly dangerous ground. The word is used in so many senses that it has almost lost a categoric meaning. But, if I understand his work at all correctly, beauty for Schwabe, as for all academic draughtsmen, is not significance (as it is for your romantic naturalist) or the abstract play of form and substance (as for your experimental artists of the modern movement), but a certain suavity of line and contour, and a certain conscious synthesis of execution. Beauty, in a word, for Schwabe, is style ; and style, as he sees it, is an intellectual statement of specific natural form.

Thus it comes that when he draws from nature he never falls into the vulgar habit of depicting phenomena by copying the accidental shapes and sizes of the shadows. He is not content to record the appearances of things in light. Casual appearance is corrected and adjusted by his mind. He draws, that is, not only with his hand and eye, but with his brain as

well. The process of drawing exhibited in his studies is the translation of specific form to terms of ordered line. In the *Nude*, reproduced, the contours are depicted by a line so subtle that its real merit is not perceived at the first inspection. It is only when we look more closely that we note the indications of a host of changing planes and realise the full meaning of these careful curves. In the *Study of a Child* the line organises and gives form to such refractory elements as the folds of a Jæger rug and the wayward tangle of the little girl's hair. And so on with his other studies : the *Portrait of a Dancer*, *Mrs. Sargant Florence*, and the drawing called *Seated Figure* (a charming portrait of the artist's wife). In each drawing the weight of indication is carried by the contour lines, which tell the story of the forms within with deliberate subtlety and variation.

In the projects for pictures, Schwabe is concerned with problems of another kind. In *The Bath*, the *Project for a Picture* (an ingenious arrangement composed of a plaster cast and its reflection in the glass), and *The Reaper*, the enclosing lines are less subtle than those in the studies drawn from nature ; they are bolder and more generic. The reason is not far to seek. The line here has no longer to bear the burden of the major indications ; its function has changed, it is now but one element of two or three ; it has to hold together elaborately modelled forms, to define their boundaries and to stress the

large rhythms of the silhouette. For it is with these other elements—the bas-relief and the silhouette—that Schwabe fundamentally constructs these projects for his pictures.

Here, too, he comes before us as an artist in the Renaissance tradition. For it was with just such problems that the Italian artists of the fifteenth century were very much concerned. The manner in which the Greek and Roman sculptors had solved the problem of three-dimensional form in bas-relief filled the Renaissance artists with amazement and delight. They never tired of sedulous emulation, though when they found the secret they debased it, as we all know, in a thousand meaningless conceits. Elsewhere they had before them the large silhouette of the Byzantine mosaics, and this, too, they made their own—with far more fortunate results. It is, indeed, to antique sculpture and the Byzantine silhouette that we owe the decorative aspects of Italian painting, while the painters of the North, who had for the most part no direct access to these models, and derived their inspiration from the illuminated missal, have left us work which is mainly miniature and anecdotic in appeal.

Schwabe, then, in his compositions attacks the same problems as those solved by the Italian masters of the fifteenth century (or by such a northern master as Roger van der Weyden, who went to Italy and learned the lessons of the

bas-relief and the silhouette), and he attacks these problems with ever-increasing gusto and success. He has the qualities that achievement in this field demands. He has a sense of volume and a sense of space, and he has energy, as well, and patience, and the power to plan and carry out his plans. He is no adventurous youngster who takes random shots at the Aunt Sally of achievement. He is no crusader starting out for regions unexplored. He begins with the end quite ostensibly in sight, he never attempts the impossible, he never trusts to accident or chance, and he never, consciously, leaves anything unrealised or incomplete.

For the rest, Schwabe's outlook is equable and surely poised. He eschews the fantastic, the exotic, the bizarre. He has a sense of the value of the golden mean and a capacity for real reaction in exploited fields. He knows that nothing which he draws is obvious or weak or trivial, that his feeling for style will keep him from the path of dull transcription, and that however unsensational the source and motive of his work, he will find in the execution some remoter beauties and some essential grace.

LEON UNDERWOOD

LEON UNDERWOOD'S attainments are not easily suggested by a small group of reproductions. For he is an artist who advances from phase to phase and who tends to lose interest in a problem the moment its solution is well within his grasp. Some years ago, for example, he produced a set of quite lovely etchings, but the treatment of the human figure in these plates is too academic to satisfy his present interests, and he now refers with a contemptuous shrug to this aspect of his development. Another phase reflects an admiration for Augustus John—that giant personality who has had an influence almost as compelling as that of Rubens in his own time and way. But of this phase, too, Underwood will now hear nothing, though it was marked by a number of compositions of much merit and such drawings as *The Ablution* reproduced. In the case of an artist of such restless progress, it is clearly difficult to choose representative work. There is nothing for it but to accept his preoccupation of the moment, and take that, for the time being, as his final word.

At the present time, then, we find Underwood using drawing as a method of research. The drawings reproduced, which indicate this phase, are not expressions of reactions to the sensual world, they are not studies from nature in the ordinary sense, or worked out plans for future paintings. They are simply experiments in abstract combinations of plastic forms and rhythms. From academic standards they are untidy and incomplete, and the physical forms suggested are not remarkable for sensual beauty. But Underwood in these drawings makes no attempt to capture the elements of natural charm. His search is now for beauties of a specifically plastic kind, for new relations between one shape and volume and another, for unrecorded contrasts and harmonies that have not yet been given concrete form. When he draws the figure with this end in view, he concentrates with passion on the play and balance of component parts ; he tries to see and realise the forms of nature without association of ideas ; he tries to see the structure of a torso with a mind completely unprejudiced, and an eye blind to all aspects but the plastic combinations which the forms suggest ; and what he sets down on paper is not a portrayal or even a translation, but something much nearer to a shorthand note making record of some synthesis of knowledge or some aspect of newly found and evanescent truth.

Much of Underwood's work is in the nature of such notes and data which the artist keeps by him and tends continually to absorb. Every now and then when the notes have become sufficient, he collates his knowledge in preparatory drawings for pictures or in compositions to be carved in stone. For Underwood is not of those who paint or carve direct from nature; he makes innumerable studies, but when the time comes for creation he works, for the most part, with no aids but his stored-up knowledge and a sheaf of drawings such as those we reproduce.

The *Dancing Figures* and the two drawings called *Composition* are data collated for eventual paintings. Linear rhythms and angles of recession are the main preoccupations, but the actual formulæ of expression, derived from the artist's shorthand notes and knowledge, are also interesting in a high degree. In *Dancing Figures* the functional structure of these moving organisms is most intelligently conceived and executed. The construction is consistent and logical within itself. Some parts of the drawing are obviously unfinished, but where the statements are intended to be final, they leave nothing indeterminate or vague or smoothed away. If you accept the foundation, if you accept, that is, the truism that an artist must be free to use what formulæ he pleases, then this drawing, on its own foundation, is quite impeccable and sound.

LEON UNDERWOOD

In the *Nude* studies and the *Design for a Carving* the artist concentrates on relations of sculptural planes and the collation of data for sculpture in the round. Underwood has made relatively few carvings, but the nature of his æsthetic explorations would seem to indicate increased activities in this direction. Indeed that an artist so passionately concerned with plastic form and its organization should seize the hammer and the chisel, is more or less inevitable as things stand. For the field of painting has been widely ploughed, and recent times have seen some modellers who exploit a large gamut of dexterous formulæ in handling clay. But sculpture proper is relatively virgin soil. Since the days when unnamed masters and a hundred apprentices cut the noble façades of the great cathedrals there has been much modelling in the Renaissance manner, many imitations of Roman copies of Greek statues, and much baroque posturing of one sort or another, but very little that can properly be classified as sculpture. It may be that never again will stone be invested with the plastic perfection of the West front of Chartres Cathedral; it may be that no designer of the modern world can recapture the secret of that magic harmony, that our artists have no invention, that the plastic sense has vanished in the seven hundred years since sculpture flourished on European soil. But if the secret can be found again, if stone is once more to become significant

and live, this can only be brought about by men of the calibre of Leon Underwood, who "scorn delights and live laborious days," in the search for the first principles of æsthetic science.

For the days of miracles are past; we no longer stumble on the truth; and we cannot repeat the achievements of past eras by parrot imitation of outward formulæ and methods of expression. A lost art can only be recovered by tireless exploration and eventual comprehension of the principles behind it. Problems solved by masters of another age can only be re-solved by the same qualities of sensibility and will and mind. It is useless to copy Leonardo's smooth and tender shadows without Leonardo's passionate curiosity and relentless search for form. It will avail nothing to imitate the proportions of the Gothic statues without appreciation of the plastic factors that constitute the essence of the Gothic style. Underwood and the men like him, the pioneer artists of the modern world, are well alive to the colossal nature of their chosen task. They may not succeed, they may be beaten or fall discouraged by the way, but they know that their effort, whatever the result, is eminently needful and worth while.

R. H. W.

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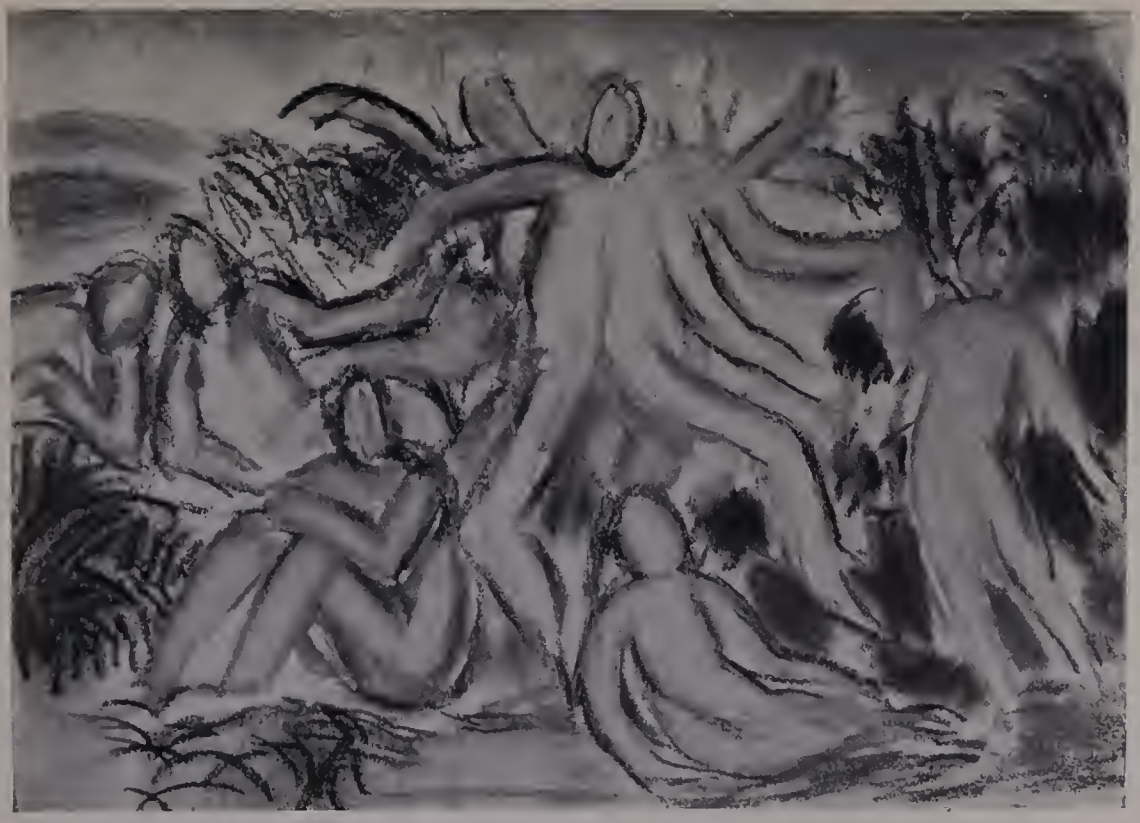

PLATE 31. COMPOSITION, No. 1. (1922). *Pastel drawing. In the possession of the Artist.*

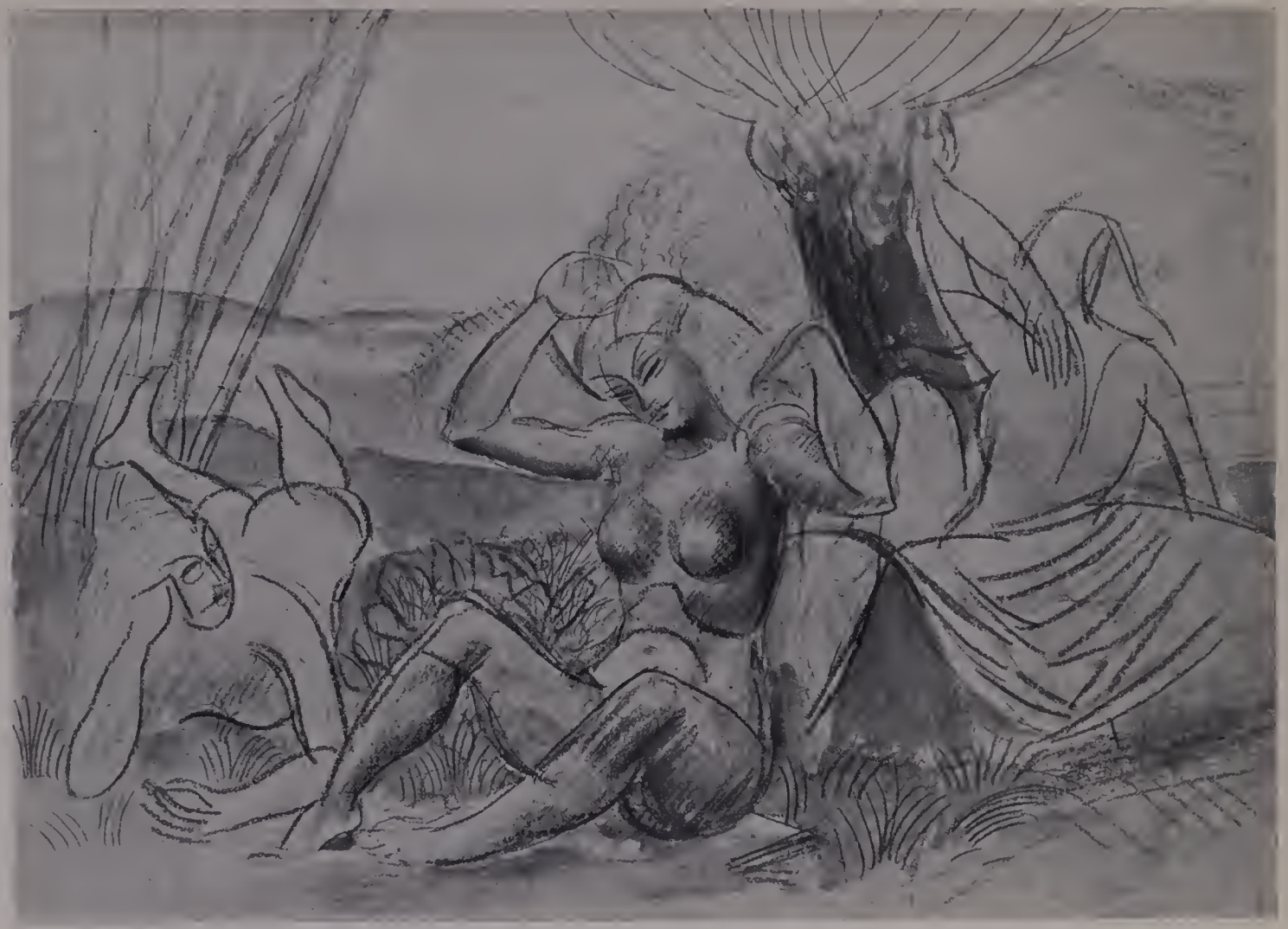

PLATE 32. COMPOSITION, No. 2. (1923). *Sanguine and water-colour drawing. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 33. NUDE, No. 2. (1923). *Pen and pencil drawing. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 34. DANCING FIGURES. (1923). *Pencil drawing. In the possession of Miss C. M. Mitchell.*

PLATE 35. NUDE, NO. 3. (1923). *Pastel drawing. In the possession of the Artist.*

PLATE 30. DESIGN FOR A CARVING. (1923).

Pen and wash drawing. In the possession of the Artist.

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